THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORRESTER.

A Sardinian tale.

(Continued.)

THE horror with which this sentence, so peremptorily delivered and no less cruel than unexpected, struck Alphonso, may be better conceived than expressed.—"Is it possible," cried Alphonso, "that Antonio can be so unjust as to condemn any one unheard?"

"He is satisfied," answered the officer, "with the evidence laid before him; and has commanded me his officer of justice, to signify to you his will and pleasure; that his judgment shall not only be final and conclusive, but that you be immediately transported, agreeable to the sentence given against you."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Almira, "is my father then to be dragged from me?"

"He is," returned the officer, "unless indeed, you will undertake to be his advocate, and seek his pardon from Antonio, who is of a mild and mercifull disposition, and easily to be won over by your entreaty, to forgive your father."

"To *forgive* me!" cried Alphonso, "tell him, tell Antonio that I spurn the idea, and would rather die than live by his favor."

"Say you so?" replied the officer, "Your pride will soon be put to the trial. The guard belonging to the galleys is at hand, waiting my orders to convey you to the place of your destination; and unless you will permit your fair daughter to accompany me back to Antonio, I shall instantly call on them to execute the sentence of the law."

"Hold, monster!" cried Alphonso, "I value my child's virtue before every thing the world contains, and would gladly meet the worst of deaths in preserving it."

"Say you so?" replied the officer, and immediately called the guard to do their duty.

The ruffians no sooner began to bind the unhappy Alphonso, than Almira rent the air with her piercing cries, and entreated the officer

forbear executing the sentence; adding, that rather than her father, whom she esteemed more than life, should be carried into slavery, she would suffer every thing; and even yield herself up to the passion of Antonio, however she might abhor and detest him. The officer, perceiving in what manner her fears worked on her, informed Alphonso that, observing Almira likely to act in a way that would please Antonio, he should for the present stop the hands of the guards, and leave him to consider whether he would prefer the situation of a galley-slave, to Almira's being the mistress of Antonio, whose power and wealth commanded the respect of every one throughout Sardinia.

"How is this?" cried Alphonso, as soon as the officer had retired. "Is it possible that you would consent to be Antonio's, and prefer a life of shame and infamy to my being wretched and a slave? The very thought, my dear child, drives me almost to distraction Sooner than Antonio should possess you, this hand of mine should put an end to the existence of us both. What are chains and fetters, to a mind that is pure and unsullied?"

"Indeed, my dear father," answered Almira, "you wrong me much. I never could harbour so vile a thought as that of giving my hand to Antonio. The very idea were at once monstrous and preposterous. Believe me, my dear father, if I affected to reconcile the thought of giving up myself to Antonio, it was only for the purpose of gaining time, in order that Rinaldo might have an opportunity of bringing an appeal before the king. But sooner than my father should go into slavery, I will even consent to accompany Antonio's officer back to his lord and master; and you and Rinaldo shall both of you approve of the resolution I have formed."

Rinaldo was struck with amazement, and immediately demanded of Almira what she meant, and how she could reconcile her declaration in favour of Antonio, with the solemn assurances she had so repeatedly given him of her love.

Almira replied, that during her interview with Antonio, Rinaldo might have it in his power to seek the king; and that, if it could not be done in time, she hoped to be able to persuade Antonio to drop all farther persecution; release Alphonso, and clear up his honor; or, if that should fail, her last expedient should be to give herself up to Antonio, upon condition of his becoming her father's friend and advocate, instead of being his enemy and persecutor; and when, buoyed up by promises, he should order Alphonso to be declared innocent, and in consequence expect a sacrifice of her honour, as a return, she would, at the very moment of expectation, stab the

monster to the heart, and think her life well given if it should but tend to rescue the best of fathers from a situation too horrid to be thought of, without piercing her with the severest pangs of misery and distress.

Alphonso and Rinaldo were equally charmed at the heroic behaviour of Almira, but thought it by no means prudent that she should venture herself in the hands of Antonio, who would stop at nothing to effect her ruin: nor could Rinaldo suffer her to think a moment of so rash an experiment; adding, that it would be infinitely better for him to fly immediately to the king, and lay before him Alphonso's unhappy case. Alphonso and Almira equally approved of Rinaldo's proposal, but could not bear the thought of his leaving them at the mercy of Antonio, whose creatures would, perhaps, before his return, be enabled to accomplish the purpose he had in view.

A thousand projects were tho't of, but nothing held adviseable to be pursued—so distracted were each of them—to determine the course that should be taken as most likely to tend to their general good.

The officer returned at the time appointed, and understanding it to be the determination of Alphonso that Almira should not accompany him to Antonio, but that his power should be held at defiance, he grew extremely angry; and, in a tone of haughtiness that marked the slave in office, immediately told Alphonso that he should wait no longer for him, but instantly conduct him to the galleys, according to the judgment passed on him.

Rinaldo, whose knowlege of the world had taught him how to act in any situation, knew the power of gold too well not to try its effects on the feelings of the officer. Accordingly, the moment he was proceeding to lay violent hands on Alphonso, Rinaldo, forcing a smile on his countenance, archly told him that he had something in his pocket forbidding the execution of the sentence. The officer startled at what he heard; but before he could ask an explanation, Rinaldo pulled out a purse, containing about one hundred ducats, with which he begged leave to present the officer, adding withall he had no doubt he would delay the sentence until he could seek the king, and lay before him the case of the much-injured Alphonso.

'When a gentleman,' cried the officer, looking at the purse, 'talks reasonably, I have always a pleasure in attending to him. For my part, I am happy in every opportunity of serving the unfortunate. I thank Heaven that I can *feel* (putting the purse in his pocket) for those in distress as well as any man and can go as far, when *properly* spoken to, to do them every service in my power.'

The officer being thus won over to his purpose, Rinaldo found no great difficulty in prevailing on him to suffer Alphonso and his daughter to remain in the hut until he should have been with the king; and immediately mounting his steed, ready saddled for the purpose, set off in search of him, inspired with the sincerest zeal in their service, and accompanied with their prayers for the success of his endeavors to snatch them from the dreadful precipice on which they stood. An event, however, happened soon after Rinaldo's departure, that had nearly proved fatal to him.

Antonio, it afterwards appeared, determined to deprive Alphonso of every hope of relief, and suspecting that Rinaldo would be ready to attempt every thing in his power for the effecting it, had engaged four ruffians to cut off all communication between his nephew and the king, should he proceed to trouble him on the subject; with strict orders, however, to them to secure his person, and keep him confined until they should hear farther from him; but on no account whatever to do him any hurt, or injury.—Accordingly, the ruffians armed with proper weapons, in case of any resistance on the part of Rinaldo, waylaid him in a neighbouring wood, through which he would be obliged to pass, should he presume to seek the king. Their intentions were to have concealed themselves till Rinaldo should have approached them when they meant suddenly to surprige him, before he could possibly have put himself upon his defence: but as Provtdence never fails to protect the good and virtuous, and guard them from the machinations of their enemies, the design of Antonio and his ruffians was happily frustrated, and the good offices of Rinaldo rendered successful, by an incident as fatal to the one as it was fortunate to the other.

Rinaldo, after proceeding about half way through the wood, perceived several men with their heads just above a hedge behind which they lay concealed. Suspecting from their situation that they were waiting there for no good purpose, he judged it prudent to prepare for receivinfi them in the best manner he could, but without betraying any sort of fea r or in the least discovering that he suspected any danger Accordingly, the moment the ruffians sprung from their hiding place, Rinaldo, perceiving their hostile intentions towards him, without uttering a single word, drew his sword, and levelled the foremost of them, in an instant, with the earth The courage and intrepidity of Rinaldo gave him reason to hope that the three surviving assailants would take immediate flight. But in this he was deceived; instead of being discouraged by the fall of their comrade, they became doubly desperate, and fell on him with a fury that threatened him with

inevitable destruction. But at the very instant that a fatal blow was aimed at Rinaldo, a rattle-snake seized hold on the ruffian that was on the point of giving it, and prevented him from doing Rinaldo any hurt. The gallant youth, availing himself of this fortunate circumstance in his favor, attacked the other two villains with so much skill and success, as to make them prefer a retreat to any farther attempts against his life: but in this they met a death infinitely worse than that they flew from; for Rinaldo closely pursuing them, they accidentally fell into a pit that had been prepared for lions, and other wild beasts of the forest, and in which a male lion, of prodigious size and strength, had been for several days. Rinaldo remained just long enough to see the villains devoured by the ferocious animal, and immediately made after the ruffian that had been seized by the snake, whom he found almost expiring through the loss of blood, and was just going to dispatch him, when the wretch, having with great difficulty got upon his knees, humbly beseeched Rinaldo would spare his life, at least long enough to suffer him to ease his conscience by making a full discovery of the person who had employed him to attack him, and every particular he knew of the horrid business in which he had so rashly engaged.

Pity is easily awakened in a generous breast. Rinaldo no sooner saw the situation of the villain, and the remorse with which a reflection on his conduct had filled him, than he instantly alighted from his horse and, binding up his wound, commanded him to say whatever he could wish to make him acquainted with.

'You here behold,' cried the villain, 'the veriest wretch that ever lived. Antonio first bribed me to lay the diamond ring in Alphonso's hut, for stealing of which he is condemned to the galleys, and then gave me a sum of money to join three other ruffians in setting upon you in the forest. Thank Heaven we have been disappointed in our views, and have met with the fate we deserved.'

'The only atonement,' exclaimed Rinaldo, 'that you can possibly make, is to give a faithful account of this to the king, whenever I shall call upon you for that purpose. 'I wish to live,' replied the wretch, 'but to do all the justice in my power—that done, I care not how soon you put an end to my existence.'

Rinaldo, having promised to dispatch the necessary assistance for removing him with all possible expedition, immediately pursued his journey, and the same evening reached the village at which the king was, on his annual circuit, where, obtaining an interview, he brought his appeal in behalf of Alphonso, and obtained his majesty's promise to hear his case: for which purpose the king instantly

ordered a proper guard to his hut, with his royal command that he should be brought before him the next day.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE STRANGER.

(Concluded.)

The senses of Jacques could not withstand the shock, he fainted away; but shortly coming to himself, what was his surprize at finding himself in a cavern, his master and another man standing near him whilst two ladies, one about forty, but of a noble appearance, and the other a beautiful girl about fifteen, were busily employed in endeavoring to awake his fleeting spirits.

"Did I not tell thee," said the Stranger smiling, "that I had the power to restore thee to life. But come, my dear Julia, we have no time to lose; take your torch Lais and light us; Jacques do you follow me."

The poor fellow obeyed in silence; joy, doubt, astonishment, and a remains of fear were so jumbled in his brains as totally to prevent his giving utterance to his feelings. They for some time pursued their course through subterraneous passages, and at length arrived in a small narrow cave on the sea shore. The Stranger blew his horn; a boat reached them—"Who comes there?" cried the conductor. "Friends," replied the Stranger. "The word?" "Liberty." "Embark." They soon were in the vessel; the commander of which, having warmly congratulated his guests on the success of their enterprise, bid his sailors heave the anchor and sail for England.

The first bustle over, the Captain requested the Marquis of Rouen, for such was the Stranger's appellation to relate his story: who immediately complied, in the following words:

"My father, the late Marquis of Rouen, was a severe and inflexible man: I was the youngest of his two sons; and in order that all the wealth and honours of the family should centre in my brother, he doomed me to a monastic life; at the age of fifteen I was placed in the monastary of St. John, at l'Orient, the Prior of which was his brother. My uncle was a mild and good man, and treated me with the utmost affection. He saw my aversion for a life of seclusion, and resolved to protract my noviciate, under different pretexts, to three years To my great grief, before that time was elapsed, he fell into such a state of languor as made his life despaired of; and thinking his end approaching, he sent for me to his cell one evening. "My child," said he, "I fear I am about to leave thee and the world; I know thee to be compassionate and

good, but I know not what my successor may prove; I therefore intend entrusting to thee the secret of the dungeons under this monastery; that should the Prior prove tyrannical and cruel, thy compassionate heart may be enabled to relieve the victims of his power. — Having said this he bade me take up a certain plank of the floor of his cell, under which was a staircase; this we descended, and found ourselves in a narrow passage, with the doors of dungeons on each side of us. We followed the passage, at the end of which there was one public entrance; the door we had entered by was so concealed that no one but a person entrusted with the secret could have discovered it; he opened the public entry, and shewed me that it communicated with the common dungeons of the city, which, as I knew, were annexed to our monastery. Then he next touched a spring in the wall opposite to the door which we had entered, and another door flew open; by this we entered another cell, which he informed me was a secret dungeon in the convent of St. Clair; which, as he showed me, had two other doors of the same construction, the one leading to the convent, the other, by subterraneous caverns to the sea; the latter he told me, he had constructed to save a poor unfortunate creature who had, by the cruel Abbess, been doomed to a lingering death; and that no one but himself was acquainted with it. Having imparted this secret to me we regained his apartment, and from that day he recovered his strength, and, as the remainder of my tale will shew, is still alive, and as much my friend as ever.

"My brother died before my noviciate was concluded, and I was recalled home; and by my father taken to Paris, where I met the lovely Julia, who was then only 15 years of age. I loved her, and gained her heart; but, though she was of a respectable family, I knew the Marquis's pride too well to hope for his consent to my union with a person whose house was not as noble and as ancient as his own. We were, however, privately married; and for two years I knew what happiness was. My wife had given me one pledge of her affection, the infant Clara, when my father, by what means I know not, heard of our union, and immediately ordered me to agree to its being cancelled. I refused; and he got a *lettre de cachet* for my Julia's being confined to a convent; and it was not until after his death, which happened about a year ago, that I learned the place of her captivity from a person who had just left the convent of St. Clair, at l'Orient. I flew thither; my good uncle welcomed me as his child; I told him my grief; he promised to make every inquiry, and soon discovered that she was in the very dungeon he had pointed out to me.

"The Minister had refused to

repeal the *lettre de cachet*; I knew what to do. The chief persons, and judges of the town were my friends; with them I laid my plans for the release of my wife. It was reported that I had committed a forgery; I was taken up; denied the crime; but till the day of judgment was confined in the prison that I wished. Accordingly, the jailor who had the care of me, being my own servant, placed there for that very purpose, assisted me in releasing my wife and daughter from confinement. The spacious cavern in the rocks was fitted for their reception, and Louisa daily carried them food.

"You will naturally enquire why we did not then escape to England. —Two reasons prevented me.— France and Britain being on good terms, I might have been recognized there and remanded back; and, besides, I had not yet sold my estates in order to realize a sum whereon to live. I therefore determined to get rid of my landed property; to procure, if I could, being partial to servants of my own country, another companion besides Louis, one whom I could attach to me, and then to have the report of my death, by the jailor and servants, so firmly established that no one should ever suspect any of us of being those persons. The bodies of two nuns, which we had placed in the dungeon of the convent, had already persuaded the abbess and her community of the demise of my wife and daughter; and that her escape might never be discovered, Louis had orders to close up the entrance that led to the cavern when he should escape.

"This being resolved on, and they placed in safety, my domestic rejoined his mistress, and I was privately set at liberty. No one in the place suspected that it was the Marquis de Rouen who had committed the forgery, as it was only reported that a man had been taken up for it. I sold my estates, engaged a ship of which the Captain was my sworn friend, and having by chance attached to my service the faithful Jaques, I proceeded in giving the finishing stroke to my eventful history.— The body of a man dressed as Louis, and resembling him in stature, was taken from its grave, and being disfigured by being cut with knives, was placed just over the cavern in which my family was concealed, I drew Jaques there; the guards, as was concerted, surrounded us; two of my friends were the officers that took us up; they placed the bloody daggers in mine and in my servant's garments. I confessed our guilt: we were condemned to die. A trap was constructed which led into the cavern; over this the scaffold was erected; we were placed upon it, and high faggots were heaped around us; as soon as these were lighted, unseen by the guards and mob, we were let into the cavern, and the trap was closed up. We reached your vessel in safety

and, thanks be to Providence, I my family, and property will, I trust, soon reach the land of liberty.

"Now, Jaques, dost thou, my good fellow, still repent? Believe me, thou shalt find all my promises accomplished, and pass the remainder of thy days in ease, comfort, and affluence."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

. . . .

"A virtuous woman is more precious than rubies."

. . . .

Next to the performance of the great duties of religion, let me earnestly entreat you, my fair readers, to acquire the *government of your temper*. Many there are, who leave their humility in the closet, and their devotion at church; who are constant in the observance of all the solemn ordinances of Christianity, but forget that golden rule of good will to all, without which all prayers, and forms, and ceremonies, are but as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. They would not neglect, on Sunday, to hear the word of God; but they suffer their tempers, all the rest of the week, to run counter to the mild and peaceful spirit of the gospel: and sometimes, it is to be feared, they return from the sacred altar of the Lord, to exercise a harsh dominion over their unfortunate dependants at home. But you, my friends, be not like them. Have you servants, whose comfort is, in a great measure, in your power? Remember that you also have a master in Heaven. To your superiors in age and experience, be respectful and attentive; be open and unaffected, cheerful and obliging to your equals; be just and sincere, disinterested and courteous, to all. Nothing can justify a single act of caprice, sullenness, or ill-humour. If you would be happy yourself, strive to make all about you happy. It is the law of your nature, and the equity of Heaven: You cannot destroy the peace of others, without wounding your own.

Lay your *imagination* under the severest discipline. Young people, especially of your sex, are willing victims of the illusions of fancy.—You enter upon life, as an enchanted country. The world, in your eyes, has no caprice; fortune, no vicissitude; friendship is without insincerity; attachment, without bitterness, and marriage is all happiness, without alloy. But trust not these smiling delusions. Experience will not realize them.—Look through them with the eye of reason, and see things as they are. The world, at best, is but a checkered scene of good and evil. Such vain expectations will destroy your relish for rational pleasure; and leave you neither resolution to perform the duties of your station, nor fortitude to encounter the unavoidable calamities of life.

In the choice of books, consult

the wisdom and experience of some tried friend, on whose judgment you can safely rely. This is a matter of great importance.—The enemies of virtue are ever on the alert. In the tale of fancy, in the poet's song, in the light pages of a novel, in the columns of a newspaper, and, shame on the unworthy prostitution of talents! even in the sober and dignified records of history, you will find the subtle poison of irreligion. Every snare is spread, and every disguise assumed, to complete the ruin of innocence. Beware, then, how you read! and guard your little library from the intrusion of the dangerous and seductive volumes, with as much care, as you would guard your heart from impure and wicked thoughts.

Without *delicacy*, no woman can be lovely. It is the sacred fence of female honor, and is never broken down without fatal consequences. Delicacy extends to every thing where woman is concerned. Conversation, books, pictures, attitude, gesture, should all be under its salutary restraints. If a girl ever loses it, farewell, a long farewell to all her greatness! "If this salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be seasoned?" How unfit are many parents to educate a daughter! What injudicious pleasantries do they sometimes use, even in their presence! A young girl should *hear*, she should *see*, nothing that can call forth a blush, or even stain the purity of her mind.

There is a vice, with which your sex is generally reproached. The darts of slander, I grieve to say it, are thrown, too often, by the hand of a female. But, I trust, your example will repel the charge, and prove, once more, that indiscriminate censure is never just. Where you can praise justly, praise freely: where you find nothing to approve, be silent. The female voice is never less pleasing, than when raised to enumerate the faults of others; never more melodious, than when exerted to vindicate the honor, or palliate the failings of an absent friend.

Although every stage of your life is full of danger, and exposed to difficulties peculiar to itself, there is one period of time most perilous, indeed. "If I was called upon," says a charming author, "to write the history of a woman's trials and sorrows, I would date it from the moment, when nature has pronounced her *marriageable*; and she feels that innocent desire of associating with the other sex, which needs not a blush. If I had a girl of my own, at this *critical* age, I should be full of the keenest apprehensions for her safety; and, like the great poet, when the tempter was bent on seducing our first parents from their innocence and happiness, I would invoke the assistance of some guardian angel, to conduct her through the slippery and dangerous path."

Marriage is, doubtless, the most

natural, innocent and useful state, if yon can form it to any advantage. It bids fairest for that little portion of happiness, which this life admits; and is in some degree a duty which you owe to the world. How defenceless is a *single* woman!—She cannot move beyond the precincts of her house, without apprehension. She cannot go with ease or safety into public. As she goes down the hill of life, her friends gradually drop away from her, like leaves in the autumn, and leave her a pining, solitary creature.

Yet, "they that enter into the state of marriage," says an old English writer, "cast a dye of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity.—Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage." Yet a woman ventures most, for she has no sanctuary to retire to from a cruel husband. No!—she must weep at home, and brood over her own sorrows. She may, indeed, complain to God; but in the causes of unkindness, she has no other appeal. Now, therefore, summon to your aid, all that reading, observation, the advice of parents and friends, and your short-lived inexperience, have power to bestow. Pause before you tie that gordian knot, which death only can unloose; and before you decide on a measure of such incalculable importance, be sure that reason approves your conduct, and forget not to implore the direction of Heaven.

If a person comes to a *serious* declaration to you, affect no prudish airs of reserve. If you really feel an affection for him, and can indulge it with prudence, do not scruple to acknowlege it, or to treat him with the greatest openness and candor. This will engage for ever the esteem of every liberal and honest man. If you cannot receive him as a lover, you will not fail to retain him as a friend. Suffer not your imagination to be dazzled with *mere* splendor. The glitter of wealth and equipage has induced many a poor girl to sacrifice her peace at the shrine of vanity; and her nightly pillow steeped in tears and bitter regret, has soon told her, that "better is a dinner of herbs where *love* is, than a stalled ox and *hatred* therewith." Never suffer yourself to *think*, with partiality, of a person who is not guided by religious principles. A good man alone is capable of true attachment, fidelity and affection. Others may feel a fugitive passion; but on this, alas! you can place no dependence. Nothing but religion is permanent, always consistent, and always the same.—Look for a person of *domestic* cast. Of what consequence to you are the good qualities of your husband if he is rarely or ever at home? It has been often asserted, that a reformed rake makes the best husband. It may be so; but I would not have you to risk your peace on

so dangerous an experiment.—Although not absolutely necessary, yet it is highly desirable, that the man with whom you are to spend your days, should be a man of *sentiment* and *taste*. These qualities will variegate every hour with fresh pleasure, every scene with animated remarks, and every incident with the liveliest interest.—Fortune surely should be considered, proportioned to your habits, education, and station in life.—But if you find the other requisites, be as moderate as possible in this. A morsel thus sweetened will be pleasant to the taste. In a cottage so enlivened, joy will spring. The Almighty will look down from Heaven with approbation, and crown the happy pair with the choicest of his blessings!

And now, my young friends! I commit you to the care of Him, who is the tender Father of all his creatures. The world is before you full of difficulty and danger. Pleasure will spread her thousand snares to deceive you; your passions will solicit for unbounded gratification, and even your own heart will prompt you to deceive yourself; but you are in the hands of the greatest and best of Beings; and, whatever your lot may be, riches or poverty, health or sickness, the state of marriage or a single life, you will be still beneath His watchful eye. Fear not. Be virtuous, be cheerful, be contented. See that your heart be right, strive to do your duty, and leave the rest to him. MONITOR.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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Messrs. Editors.

I send you the following statement, which I believe is official, to show the difference between the incitement to vice in this city and Philadelphia: If our dissipation keeps pace with it, the Lord have mercy on us! It is some gratification, however, to me, to know; that if Philadelphia contains less grog-groceries, New York contains more churches!

Nov. 28, 1809—No. of Grocery-shops and Grog-shops and Taverns

In New-York, ...	2100
In Philadelphia, ...	190

LICENTIOUSNESS OF YOUTH.

It is impossible to describe the licentiousness of the present age, or pourtray the prevailing vices of the times in a colour which they deserve. Scarcely has the youth assumed the appearance of manhood, ere he bids adieu to every principle of virtue and morality.—He views with an eye of scorn the sacred precepts of his superiors, and considers religion as the effusion of a frantic mind or enthusiastic bigot. Raised by self-consequence above the common class of mankind, he engages in every species of debauchery: his sensual

appetites are gratified. At one time he wallows in the lap of desire, at another he reels from the brothel regardless of his reputation; and having reached his destined home amidst the sneers of the populace, retires to rest until the fumes of copious draughts of intoxicating liquors have ceased to operate on his brain. He awakes. What! to a sense of his deplorable situation? No! but to again renew his iniquitous course of life—again to continue his midnight revels. Once more he visits the billiard or the card table. Another debauch unstrings his nerves: his feeble, tottering, emaciated form is no longer able to support him.—Pale disease attacks and conquers his constitution. He sinks beneath its influence, and unpitied dies.

A lady proud of her rank and title was one day descanting on the superiority of the nobility over the rest of mankind, to a large company of visitors. Says she, "I think we may very well compare the three classes of people, nobility, gentry, and commonality, to the three classes of tea-drinking utensils—china, delf, and crockery." A few minutes elapsed, when one of the company expressed a wish to see the lady's little girl, who, it was mentioned was in the nursery. "Tell the maid, John," said she to the footman, "to bring the little dear." The fellow wishing to expose his mistress's ridiculous pride, cried, loud enough to be heard by all the company—*Crockery!* bring down little *China!*"

It is well known as a custom in many churches, that women are placed in pews on one side, and the men by themselves opposite. A clergyman in the middle of his service, hearing one of his congregation talk pretty loud, complained of it from the pulpit. A woman immediately rose up, and thinking to defend her own sex, said, "The noise is not on our side, reverend sir." "So much the better my good woman," replied the clergyman, "so much the better: it will cease the sooner."

The late celebrated Dr. Brown courted a lady many years, though unsuccessful: during which time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health before that of any other. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman reminded him of it, and said—"Come, Doctor, drink the lady, your toast." The Doctor replied, "I have toasted her for many years, and I can't make her *brown*—so I'll *toast* her no longer.

A player in Richard III, who had nothing to repeat but that passage, "My lord stand back and let the *coffin pass*," when he came to say it, "my lord, stand back and let the *parson cough!*"

NEW-YORK.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1809

The city inspector reports the death of 31 persons, of whom 13 were men, 5 women, 6 boys, and 7 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, asthma 1, cold 2, consumption 6, convulsions 4, debility 1, decay dropsy 1, tiphus fever 2, hives 2, infanticide 1, inflamation of the brain 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, palsy 1, pleurisy 1, sudden death 1, suicide by shooting 1, and 3 of whooping cough Nine were of or under the age of 1 year, 1 between one and 2, 3 between 2 and 5, 2 between 10 and 20, 9 between 20 and 30, 3 between 30 and 40, 2 between 40 and 50, and 2 between 60 and 70.

EDWARD JORDAN was executed on the 23d ult. at Halifax, N. S. as a pirate and murderer; having, while a passenger on board, rose upon the captain and crew of the Schooner Three Sisters, on the cost of Nova Scotia, in August last; killed two of the crew, and compelled captain Stairs to jump overboard, (but was providently saved a few hours afterwards, by the schooner Eliza, capt. Stoddard of Hingham) assisted by Kelly the mate; the Three Sisters afterwards reached Newfoundland, where Jordan had engaged a man to navigate her to Ireland, when he was taken into custody. His wife was acquitted, and he declared Kelly was innocent.

PICK-POCKETS.—On Tuesday at an auction before the Coffee house, John M'Claus, a native of Georgia, and one of his accomplices, were detected in picking the pocket of an Albany captain, and while they were making off with his pocket book were secured.

Errata—In O. W's Essay on Society inserted in last number of the Miscellany page 121, 1st column, for "scorned" read "scouted"——page 122, for "all women are capable," read, "all women are *incapable*."

*** Next Lord's day, in the morning, a charity Sermon will be preached in the Brick Presbyterian Church, and a collection taken up for the benefit of the poor belonging to said Church,

*** On Sunday next, 24th inst. in the evening, a charity sermon will be preach in the middle Dutch Church in Nassau-Street, and a Collection made for the Benefit of the Charity School belonging to the Reformed Dutch Church.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Dr. Nicholas Schoonmaker, of Flatbush, L. I. to Miss Margaret Masterton, youngest daughter of the late Capt. David Masterton, of this city.

At Washington, the Hon. Samuel Smith, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, to Miss Sarah Grayson, daughter of the late Richard Spencer Grayson, of Virginia.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. William B. Hutchings, Merchant, to Miss Ann Stymets, all of this City.

In London, Oct. 11, Admiral Sir W. Sidney Smith, to Lady Rumbold.

On the 11th instant, at Norwich, (Conn.) John C. Smith, merchant, of this city, to Miss Lucy Cleveland, daughter of the Rev. Aaron Cleveland.

DIED

On Tuesday Evening the 16th Dec. in the 35th year of her age Mrs Anu G. Mumford, the amiable consort of the Hon. Gurdon S. Mumford.

On Wednesday evening last, after a short illness, which she bore with exemplary resignation and fortitude, Mrs Sarah Stebbins, wife of David Stebbins.

COMMUNICATED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

CANTING.

THO' most men are different, yet search mankind thro',
And *all* have a *Cant* in whatever they do—
Mam, examine that muslin,' the *Shop-keeper* says,
Who has retail'd in Cornhill such things all his days,
"'Tis as fine as a *hair*, and as thick as a *board*,
"And more money, in London cost *Mam*—on my word"
Thus praising their goods, they all lie and rant,
But never believe them—for 'tis but their *cant*.

Call the *Doctor*, and lo! he puts on a
'grave face,
'Hem, Sir, I assure you, a very bad
'case;
'I should have been sent for before;
'but no doubt
'My skill and my pills the disease can
'drive out.'
Of his wonderful cures too, much he will vaunt,
Perhaps true, perhaps not, 'tis only his *cant*.

Apply to the *Lawyer*, behold he will quote,
What my Lord *Coke* has stated, or *Littleton* wrote;
He will prate of replevins, demurrers and coat,
"And an action so managed can never be lost."
Then continuations, and proof he will want,
And will *pocket his fees*—for that is his *cant*.

The *Soldier* will tell you the perils he's seen,
The sieges and battles in which he has been;
Of the wounds he received, and the feats he has done,
And no music to him like the roar of a gun;
A part of his story most fully we grant;
For the rest—a Soldier sometimes has a *cant*.

The *Critic* will snarl—'that line is too
'long,
'And the subject of this is too grave
'for a song'
Then the style—'Oh, 'tis flat'—the metre—'Oh worse;'
'But people put *any thing* now into
'verse.'
To seek out a blunder or fault he will pant,
And cavil for words—for 'tis but his *cant*.

The *Author* exclaims, 'tis losing one's
'time,
'To employ it in prose, or in *fashiona-*
'*ble* rhyme;
'If good, or if bad, yet still 'tis in vain,
'For the author no money nor praise
'can obtain;
'No judges of merit, or taste are ex-
'tant;
'Are not all poets poor?'—and that is
'is his *cant*.

The *Coquette* will say, "I pray you be-
'gone,
'I ne'er was before with a man all
alone;
'Lord what will the world say; I hate
'you, so go—
'Nay, don't be affronted—I didn't mean
'so.'
About *virtue* and *honor* too, much she
will rant,
You all must allow a coquette has a
cant.

The *Buck* he will yawn, and cry what
a bore,
'I ne'er saw the town half so stupid
'before;
'I han't had a row for at least now *four*
'days,
'And then so *fatiguing* are all our dull
'plays,
'Then the girls—*demme* Jack, not a
'smile will now grant,
''Tis so cursed provoking'—and that's
a Buck's *cant*;

If you speak but of London, or any
thing in't,
The fresh returned Traveller quick takes
the hint.
'Excuse me; 'tis not so; I hope you'll
'allow
My right; for I've been there, and
'therefore *must know*.'
Of the wonders he has seen too, much
will he vaunt,
And most tiresome of all, is the *travel-
ler's cant*.

The *Editor* says, "lines to S." are on
file,
'On sleep' is in rather too sleepy a style,
With personalities, we never concern us,
And must therefore refuse th' essay of
"Alvernus."
Of dullness like "R. T's" we're never
in want,
And much more he says—for 'tis but
his *cant*.

A. McS. Esq.

PRUDENCE.

FOR THE LADIES.

As fiddlers and archers, who cunningly
know
The way to be prais'd for their merit,
Will always take care they've two
strings to their bow,
And manage their business with spir
it.

So like, a prudent young damsel should
do,
Still make the best use of her beauty;
If her mark she would hit, or her lesson
play thro',
Two lovers should still be on duty.

Then arm'd against chance, and secure
of supply,
Thus far her revenge she may carry;
One spark, for her sport, she may jilt,
and set by,
And to'ther, *poor soul!* she may
marry.

KISSING.

By Peter Pindar, Esquire.

When we dwell on the lips of the lass
we adore,
Not a pleasure in nature is missing;
May his soul be in Heav'n, he deserv'd
it I'm sure,
Who was first the inventor of kissing.
Master Adam I very well think was the
man,
Whose discovery will ne'er be sur-
pass'd—
Well, since the sweet game with crea-
tion began,
To the end of the world may it last!

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